



LOYOLA COLLEGE

presents

the Canadian debut

PRINCETON CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

NICHOLAS HARSANYI

Music Director and Conductor

JANICE HARSANYI, SOPRANO

in the

MAIN AUDITORIUM
LOYOLA COLLEGE

MONTREAL

Wednesday, November 2nd, 1966 at 8.30 P.M.

By Arrangement with Artists Management of Canada



Program

Concerto in A Major for String Orchestra

Allegro molto
Andante molto
Allegro

ANTONIO VIVALDI
1678-1741

Les Illuminations, Op. 18 (1939)

I Fanfare
II Villes
III (a) Phrase
 (b) Antique
IV Royauté
V Marine
VI Interlude
VII Being Beauteous
VIII Parade
IX Départ

BENJAMIN BRITTEN
1913

JANICE HARSANYI, soprano

INTERMISSION

Autobiography for Strings

DAVID AMRAM
1930

*Symphony No. 9 in C Minor for String Orchestra

Grave - Allegro
Andante
Scherzo
Allegro vivace

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
1809-1847

PRINCETON CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

Members of the Orchestra

FIRST VIOLINS

Helen Kwalwasser
concertmaster
Laurence Steinhardt
assistant concertmaster
Israel Chorberg
Marian Head
Yoko Matsuo
Liliane Caillon

SECOND VIOLINS

Seymour Miroff
Eugene Settanni
Mary Lou Galen
Janet MacLean
Helen Shklar

VIOLAS

Karen Tuttle
Ronals Sabaroff
Evelyn Jacobs
Carol Tockstein

CELLOS

Marion Davies
Yuan Tung
Pierre Basseux
Helen Harbison

BASSES

David Walter
Martin Sklar

Program Notes

Concerto for Strings and Harpsichord in A Major

(P. 235)

Antonio Vivaldi

(Born c. 1675 in Venice; died in July 1741, in Vienna)

(Edited by Angelo Ephrikian)

For some years now, we have been in the midst of a somewhat feverish Vivaldi renaissance. New concerti and vocal works are turning up all the time; concert programs and record catalogues are generously stocked with his music. Yet practically nothing is known about the man himself. We are not even sure of the year in which he was born and where he spent some of his life, nor do we know the exact date of his death. He was buried, however, on July 28, 1741, in a pauper's grave in Vienna, in a cemetery which has since disappeared. Quite an ignominious end for a musician who a few decades earlier was one of the big attractions in his native Venice.

Vivaldi studied with his father, who was a highly respected violinist at San Marco in Venice, and with the composer Giovanni Legrenzi. He became an ordained priest — because of his red hair he was known as *il prete rosso* (the red priest) — but because he was asthmatic he was excused after the first year from saying Mass.

From 1703 to 1740, Vivaldi served as director of music, composer, teacher and violinist at the Seminario Musicale dell' Ospedale della Pietà, one of four homes for foundling girls in Venice. These, and particularly the Pietà, were famous during the first half of the eighteenth century as centers of musical culture. Evidently, they housed many talented young girls who became highly proficient singers and instrumentalists. For them Vivaldi composed dozens of operas, oratorios, cantatas and probably more than five hundred concerti (the exact number has never been determined) for practically every conceivable combination of instruments, some of which cannot even be found in museums today. It was, in fact, part of his contract with the Pietà that he must provide two new concerti per month, even when he was away from his post.

The Concerto for Strings and Harpsichord in A Major (No. 235 in Marc Pincherle's comprehensive catalogue of Vivaldi's instrumental works; Vol. XI, No. 4, in the categorical listing by Antonio Fanna, and Tomo 8 in the Italian publisher Ricordi's catalogue) belongs to the collection of Mauro Foà and Renzo Giordano, now housed in the National Library of Turin. It is neither a solo concerto nor a *concerto grosso*, there being no solo group to compete with the main body of orchestral strings. In this respect, like some of Vivaldi's other works, it is something of a predecessor of the classical symphony.

The first of its three movements is a sturdy *Allegro molto* that features much give-and-take between the first and second violins and between the higher and lower instruments. The middle movement is an expressive *Andante molto* in A minor, in which the first and second violins play in unison. The final *Allegro* is lively and dancelike, something in the manner of a bourrée, with a theme quite similar to that of Beethoven's Contra-Dance No. 1. It is in two sections, each of which is repeated.

PAUL AFFELDER

Britten wrote *Les Illuminations* during the time he spent in America. Edward Sackville-West has suggested that Britten's choice of certain of Rimbaud's poems for his cycle reflects (in the sequence arranged by the composer) "a transition from one phase of life to another:" and the order of the cycle's events certainly supports such an interpretation. *Fanfare*, which sets Rimbaud's brief "motto" sentence, introduces the pageant-like and deceptive *Villes*; the eight, intense bars of *Phrase* break the mood, and with great tenderness lead into *Antique*, which gracefully fulfills the last phrase of its predecessor — "and I dance." *Royaute* and *Marine* still belong to the visionary world of *Antique*, despite their contrasting characters; *Royaute* evokes a subtly poised atmosphere and simultaneous pathos and comedy, while *Marine* catches the rotating motion of Rimbaud's flashing images. *Interlude* re-introduces the "motto" and carries us on to the next state of the journey: *Being Beauteous*, another private world, the stability of which, however, is threatened by "dying groans and raucous music," and the *Parade* itself, where shadowy triplet figurations shape themselves into a grotesque march and, finally, the song discharges itself, with masterly dramatic and musical logic, into a last statement of the "motto." After which — "Sufficiently seen . . . Sufficiently known . . . Sufficiently heard" — it only remains for the profoundly-felt *Depart* to sum up the feelings aroused by "Departure in the midst of love and new rumors."

Les Illuminations Arthur Rimbaud

I. FANFARE. I alone hold the key to this savage parade.

II. TOWNS. These are towns! It is for the inhabitants of towns that these dream Alleghanies and Lebanons have been raised. Castles of crystal and wood move on rails and invisible pulleys. Old craters, encircled with colossal statues and palms of copper, roar melodiously in their fires . . . Corteges of Queen Mabs in robes red and opaline, climb the ravines. Up there, their hoofs in the cascades and the briars, the stags give Diana suck. Bacchantes of the suburbs weep, and the moon burns and howls. Venus enters the caves of the blacksmiths and hermits. Groups of bell-towers sing aloud the ideas of the people. From castles built of bones proceeds unknown music . . . The paradise of the thunders bursts and falls. Savages dance unceasingly the Festival of the Night.

What kindly arms, what good hour will restore to me those regions from which come my slumbers and the least of my movements?

IIIa. PHRASE. I have hung ropes from bell-tower to bell-tower; garlands from window to window; golden chains from star to star — and I dance.

IIIb. ANTIQUE. Oh, gracious son of Pan! Thine eyes — those precious globes — glance slowly; thy brow is crowned with little flowers and berries. Thy hollow cheeks are spotted with brown lees; thy tusks shine. Thy breast resembles a cithara; tinkling sounds run through thy blond arms. Thy heart beats in that womb where sleeps Hermaphrodite. Walk at night, softly moving this thigh, this other thigh, this left leg.

IV. ROYALTY. On a beautiful morning, in a country inhabited by a mild and gentle people, a man and woman of proud presence stood in the public square and cried aloud: "My friends, it is my wish that she should be queen." She laughed and trembled. To his friends he spoke of a revelation, of a test concluded. Swooningly they leaned one against the other.

And during one whole morning, whilst the crimson hangings were displayed on the houses, and during the whole afternoon, while they advanced towards the palm gardens, they were indeed kings.

V. MARINE. Chariots of silver and of copper
Prows of steel and of silver
Beat the foam,
Life the stems of the brambles.
The streams of the barren parts
And the immense tracks of the ebb
Flow circularly towards the east,
Towards the pillars of the forest,
Towards the piles of the jetty,
Against whose angles are hurled whirlpools of light.

VI. INTERLUDE: I alone hold the key to this savage parade.

VII. BEING BEAUTEOUS. Against a background of snow is a beautiful Being of majestic stature. Death is all round her, and whistling, dying breaths, and circles of hollow music, cause this adored body to rise, to swell, and to tremble like a spectre. Scarlet and black wounds break out on the superb flesh. Colours which belong to life deepen, dance and separate themselves around the vision, upon the path. Shudders rise and mutter; and the mad savour of all these things, heavy with dying groans and raucous music, is hurled at our Mother of Beauty by the world far behind us. She recoils, she stands erect. Oh rapture! Our bones are covered anew with a body of love.

Ah! The pale ashen face, the mane-like hair, the arms of crystal. And there is the cannon upon which I must cast myself through the noise of trees and light winds.

VIII. PARADE. These are very sturdy rogues. Many of them have made use of you and your like. Without wants, they are in no hurry to put into action their brilliant faculties and their experience of your consciences. What mature men! Here are sottish eyes out of a midsummer night's dream — red, black, tricoloured; eyes of steel spotted with golden stars; deformed faces, leaden-hued, livid, enflamed; wanton hoarseness. They have the ungainly bearing of rag dolls. There are youths among them —

It is a violent Paradise of mad grimaces . . . Chinese, Hottentots, gypsies, simpletons, hyaenas, Molochs, old insanities, sinister demons, they alternate popular or maternal tricks with bestial poses and caresses. They can interpret modern plays or songs of a simple naivety at will. Master jugglers, they transform places and people, and make use of magnetic comedy.

I alone hold the key to this savage parade.

IX. DEPARTURE. Sufficiently seen. — The vision has been met in all guises.

Sufficiently heard. — Rumors of the town at night, in the sunlight, at all times.

Sufficiently known. — Life's decrees.

Oh Rumours! Oh Vision!

Departure in the midst of love and new rumours.

Translated from the French by Helen Rootham.

Autobiography for StringsDavid Amram

David Amram was born in Philadelphia on November 17, 1930. He began to study the piano at the age of seven, and later, the trumpet and French horn. He developed an early interest in jazz working with Louis Brown, a schoolmate of Duke Ellington. At sixteen, his interest in music began and he devoted himself to studying the French horn and to musical composition. He studied at Oberlin Conservatory of Music and the Manhattan School of Music with Vittorio-Giannini. He has played with the National Symphony under Howard Mitchell and while serving in the United States Army in Germany (1952-1954) with the 7th Army Symphony. Upon his discharge he made a tour for the State Department.

Mr. Amram has attracted the attention of New York theatre-goers with his contribution of 21 scores for Shakespearean productions in New York's Central Park. One of his first serious symphonic works was a Shakespearean Concerto. Mr. Amram has continued to be interested in both dramatic and concert music, and his closeness to dramatic music has been helpful in keeping him from falling into the imitative pattern followed by so many younger composers. Stylistically he has been more interested in music of longer lines than many post-Webernite colleagues. His interest in jazz has given his rhythms a strong sense of vitality.

In the summer of 1961, Mr. Amram was invited by Rudolph Serkin to be guest composer at the Marlboro Music Festival. He is now the recipient of a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation as the first composer-in-residence with the New York Philharmonic for the 1966-1967 season.

"The Autobiography for Strings is a one movement work built on the sonata-allegro form. Its original title was *Sonata Allegro for Strings*, but as I worked on the piece, I realized it was also an expression of my experience as a player of jazz for the three years that I spent in Europe as well as several years here. While it is in no way program music, it was personal enough to be a summation of an earlier period of my life on the road. This is why I entitled it *Autobiography for Strings*."

DAVID AMRAM

October 10, 1966

Symphony for Strings No. 9 in C MinorFelix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

(Born February 3, 1809, in Hamburg; died November 4, 1847, in Leipzig)

To most concertgoers, the listing "Symphony No. 9" by Mendelssohn on this program must seem like a misprint. Please be assured that it isn't. Though everyone knows that Mendelssohn wrote five symphonies, of which only the *Scotch*, *Italian* and *Reformation* are heard with any degree of regularity, he did indeed compose another eleven or twelve — possibly even seventeen — symphonies for string orchestra — and all of them before he had reached his fifteenth birthday! They date from 1821 to 1823, and were designed for performance at the informal concerts held in the Mendelssohn home in Berlin on alternate Sunday mornings. "The children thus became accustomed to playing before an audience and Felix had the advantage of hearing outside opinions upon his compositions," writes Stephen S. Stratton in his biography of the composer. "Musicians of distinction, passing through Berlin, requested permission to attend these matinées. (Eduard) Devrient (the German

baritone) says that, despite the wealth attributed to Abraham Mendelssohn, the house gave an impression of studied plainness. 'The singers sat around the large dining-table, and close to the grand piano, raised on a high cushion, sat Felix, grave and unembarrassed, directing us with an ardour as if it had been a game he was playing with his comrades.' "

If concertgoers are unfamiliar with these symphonies for strings — two of the later ones also include parts for triangle, cymbals and drums — so, too, must be the authors of most of the reference books and biographies, for few of them give even passing mention to these remarkable works of Mendelssohn's youth. For nearly a century, they reposed, together with other of his early music, in the Berlin State Library. During World War II, it was rumored that some of these manuscripts had been scattered, lost or destroyed by bombings; but since the war's end, some microfilms, including one of the Symphony No. 9, have found their way to the West from East Berlin, where the library is now located.

The Symphony No. 9 was completed on December 28, 1823, and was duly performed under the young composer's direction at the Mendelssohn home shortly thereafter; but it is only in recent years that it has been heard in public. The work shows amazing inventiveness and creative maturity, especially for a fourteen-year-old composer. It begins with a dark, brooding introduction, *Grave*, in C minor, which seems to foreshadow tragic things to come; instead, it leads into a bright, vigorous *Allegro* in C major. This is developed in the best sonata-allegro style, and it is dominated by a theme of Mozartean character. Perhaps it is not as good a theme as Mozart would have written, but Mendelssohn treats it here with more harmonic daring. The second movement is a fairly simple, songful *Andante*, whose main section is scored only for violins divided into four parts. For contrast, it has a contrapuntal middle section, in which only violins, cellos and double-basses are heard. When the opening section returns, the violins are ultimately joined by the violas and at the very end by the cellos and basses. Next comes a boisterous Scherzo with a quieter, rustic-sounding trio — or middle section. It is followed by a rather animated yet quite serious finale, *Allegro vivace*, in sonata form with a lovely, lyrical second theme and a good deal of counterpoint. Surprisingly, this movement is in C minor, turning to the brighter major mode only at the end.

PAUL AFFELDER

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